AN APOLOGIE FOR WOMEN-KINDE.

Odi prophanum vulgus et arceo
Fauete linguis, Carmina non prius
Audita Muſarum Sacerdos,
Virginibus Fæminiſque canto.

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TO
THE QVEENES
MOST SACRED
MAIESTIE.

GReat *Queene*, at firſt this taske I took in hand,
Thinking *Eliza* and your ſelfe to ſing,
And for examples your ſole names to bring,
As mightye Princes of the Womens band,
As two choiſe rulers of our *Britiſh* Land:
As ſplendent mirrours of dame Natures wealth,
The poores, afflicteds, and th'oppreſſeds health.

But when my ſtrength a ſpace I tryed had,
Struin'd in deepe conceits to pen my minde:
My wit ſtarke dul: I found, my ſight meere blinde,
My hands did tremble and my wordes were bad,
Not one rich ſentence gallantly was clad.
Nor wonder was it: for in bookes I finde,
Some Birds, the Sunnes bright beames do feare by kinde.

Wherefore, ſoone as I came to ſee my fall
From Sky-built hopes which had borne vp my heart,
I ſtraight reſolued on another part,
Briefly to write in ſence more generall
An Elegie, in Thame vnmiſticall;
And hang it by your Princely Altars light:
Where Lampes of grace might keepe it ſtill in ſpight.

Your Maties. humble
& obedient ſeruant:
I. G.

AN APOLOGIE

for VVoman-kinde.

MVſes diuine which on *Pernaſſus* dwell,
Bathing your ſelues in *Pegaſeans* well;
Infuſe high thoughts into my dullard ſprite.
And guide my trembling hands, whilſt I indite
The ſacred honours of your fellowe Sexe,
Which mens vnlawfull tirannye doth vexe.
And you three Siſters whome we *Graces* name,
Fayre ſpotleſſe Virgins without fault or blame,
Beſtowe ſome beautyes on my rugged rimes
That they may pleaſe our more then carping times,

And

And in full health preſerue themſelues (at leaſt)
From ſharp-tongue dartes of many headed beaſt.
Immortall *Nectar* in my minde diſtill,
That I may write (with fauourable quill)
Womens admired gloryes and their praiſe.
That may be read in our next Nephewes dayes.
And you bright Lampes which to the world giue light,
(Mightie Commaunders of the greateſt might)
Braue Ladyes, ſage Matrones, comely Damoſelles,
Whoſe armed thoughts reſiſt all wicked ſpelles,
Be you my Load-ſtarres, guide me without fayle,
Direct this little Barque (wherein I ſayle)
That it may ſcape the ſandes of high diſdaine,
And to the Porte of fauours ſafely gaine.
Full well I wot, this ſubject was more fitte
For peerleſſe *Homers* or for *Virgils* witte,
The *Florence-Petrarkes*, *Taſſoes*, or *Ronſardes*,
Sidnyes or *Spencers*; vnto whome, rewardes,

Garlands

Garlands of Bayes by Poets graunted are.
Yet ſithence one whoſe temples ſtill are bare,
Whoſe fruitleſſe braine is like a barren rocke,
A ſtonye ground, or ouer-dryed ſtocke,
Could thus much ſing: what might ſome others ſay?
Swannes notes excelling on their dying day.
Nor is it pride that makes me thus preſume
A great Atlanticke burthen to aſſume.
A labour which might *Hercules* beſeeme,
Or one whoſe fame the world ſhould more eſteeme.
It's iuſt dutie, to a cauſe neglected,
By all abler perſons vnreſpected,
That makes me take this Pencill in mine hand
(The moſt vnskilfull Paynter in our Land)
And on this playned table vndertake,
Of your high worth ſome portraiture to make.
Would God I had renoum'd *Apelles* skill,
Then might my worke well anſwer to my will.

But why doe I the artes of men deſire
Who *Chymons* are, vnleſſe firſt ſet on fire,
By kindely heat, whence all their ſcience flowes,
Which afterwards ſo bright reſplendent ſhowes?
Within this Laberinth I hope to tread
With fearleſſe foote led by your beauties thred,
So as no vglye Minotaur, of ſpight
Shall dare with helliſh mouth at me to bite.
Nor gainſt me ſnarling dog tooth'd Momus barke,
But ſay I chaunt like to the morning Larke,
In muſique ſtraines a meaſur'd harmonye
For women-kinde, Natures Epitomye.
And as for me: one louing kinde regarde,
Or freindly looke, ſhall be my ſole rewarde.
Now muſe no longer ſtay, thy race beginne,
Declare dame Euahs ſtate before her ſinne
Was by the Thunder-darter puniſhed,
By paines enioyn'd vnto all women-head.

Shewe

Shewe what in Edens garden ſhe hath beene,
Let at the leaſt her glories paſt be ſeene.
When other creatures God created had,
And ſawe that all were good and none were bad,
Al's careleſſe man, whome he as beſt did prize
Seated to dwell in earthly Paradize:
Then, there he framed paſsing faire the reſt
With knowledge and with wiſdome chiefly bleſt.
Woman repleniſhed with excellence,
Conceipt, and golden ſtreaming eloquence.
Her ſplendent hayres were Amber coloured,
And like freſh flowers in Aprill ſauoured.
Her ſmooth forhead that no arte did borrowe
Was like the ſea which no winde doth furrowe.
Her vaulted eyebrowes made of Ebeny,
The horned Moone reſembled in the Skye.
Her ſparkling eyes as two cleer ſtarres did ſhine,
Full of ſweet grace and maieſtie diuine.

Her eares, whoſe ſhape my thoughts doe farre ſurpaſſe,
Were like two Roſes in a Chriſtall glaſſe,
Her white pretty Eagle-noſe deſcended,
As a mount amidſt a plaine it hanged.
Enuie herſelfe beholding it had ſhame,
Becauſe therein ſhe nothing found to blame.
Two red flowers ſet in milke, her cheekes did ſeeme,
Where his ſtrong holde the Shooting-Boy diddeeme,
Her mouth which did embalme the aire about,
At Corrall lippes did ſend her ſweete breath out,
Shewing two ranckes of pearles well poliſhed,
Which hedg'd her tongue by *Suada* furniſhed.
But what meane I, in ſhort wordes to compriſe,
That which in ample theame I might deuiſe?
Her body beauties ſtore-houſe, God did make
And not from mudde, but *Adames* ſide did take,
The matter whence he did the worke compoſe,
(Durt was ore baſe a ſubiect to be choſe.)

So

So as her eſſence, though not different,
(As two times fiued) was more excellent
Then *Adams* was, my ſpeech I will confirme,
Leaſt that I ſeeme it vainely to affirme.
Being the firſt things God did onely giue,
The ſecond plantall life: the third did liue,
Endu'd with ſence: reaſon the fourth obtaind,
And ſo the laſt more worthineſſe ſtill gaind.
This certainely well vnderſtood the man,
When at the firſt ſight boaſting he began
To ſay, out of his fleſh ſhe had been tooke:
(So ſoone as from his braſen ſleepe he wooke.)
This perfectly the ſubtill Serpent knew,
When her he tempted, with his: Is it true?
To winne the man he thought it was no doubt,
That was his feare the woman would ſtand out.
Wherefore to her he did addreſſe his wiles,
Wherewith mankinde hee daily ſtill beguiles.

Who though at firſt ſhe did well ſhun his ſleights,
Yet (ah) at length he catch'd her by his baites.
Well what did Adam? he did not deny,
But eat the fruite forbidden readily,
And after deem'd his caſe could not be bad,
Telling by Euahs meanes he ſinned had
To high Iehouah puniſher of vice,
Which cal'd them foorth hidden in Paradice,
And tooke the rule out of the womans handes,
Making her thrall vnto ſubiections bandes.
That was before mans pow'rfull gouerneſſe,
His miſtreſſe, loue, his wife, his Empreſſe.
Yet did he not her caſt in ſlauery,
Nor any baſer foule ſeruilitye.
But left her guidance to her husbands will,
Onely for order yeilding to him ſtill.
So Abell was ſubiected vnto Cain,
Yet Cadets Iudge th'authoritie is vaine.

And

And 'tis a point that euery one can tell,
The younger borne, moſt what doe farre excell.
Now let ſome Tyger-bred clowne ſpeake his minde,
Raylingh his fill againſt all women kinde,
Terming them wanton, luſtfull, lecherous,
Mincing decemblers, ſlye, fine, vicious.
Let ſome grimme Syre his Dame in furye ſtrike,
Which is his pleaſures mate, his halfe, his like,
In whoſe faire face Roſes and Lillyes meet,
Whoſe looke is ſmiling and whoſe ſpeech is ſweet.
Sith gainſt all lawes and iuſtice ſuch doe deale,
From malefactors well may one appeale.
Yet would I fayne their proper vice once learne,
Which makes mens talke to be of them ſo ſterne.
Are they accuſtom'd to that filthy ſinne,
Which is extol'd by beaſtly *Aretin*?
The ſhame of Greece, Spayne, Italy and France,
Where men gainſt kinde doe ſpend their cheuiſance.

Ah,

Ah, ah noe. Nor is it Venerie,
Men brag of that in greateſt brauerie:
But faultes in diuers ſubiectes alter not,
A blame in one in each one is a blot.
Beſides, the men are cauſers of thoſe crimes.
That women weakely doe commit ſome times.
Witneſſe their carefull ſuites, their inſtruments,
Their Syrens Songes, their ſilent allurements.
Bribed ſpeakers, inuentions curious,
Iuſtes, daunces, preſentes, letters amourous,
Their fained frenzies, harder heartes to moue, (louei
Their oathes, their vowes, their ſickenes growne from
Doth one deny all theſe and lend none eare?
With ſome baſe Peaſant ſhe dooth make good cheare,
Plaſſo reportes, which ſought to make her ſinne,
Tis muſt keepe out, there is a key within.
So as to hinder ſiniſter bad talke,
Many doe chuſe full ſecretly to walke.

In

In wickedneſſe : thinking faultes hidden ſmall,
Though eyes there are which plainly ſee them all.
Well; ſundry times of women I haue read,
Which for their honours, now long ſince are dead.
As *Lucia* and chaſte *Lucretia*,
The Dameſels *Hyppo* and *Orythia* :
But of one man as yet I neuer heard,
Who for his chaſtitie tooke ſuch reward.
Then fondlings ceaſe the female ſexe to blame,
None truth can ſpeake that turneth to their ſhame.
Their very paines by God to them enioyn'd,
Shewe how their mindes to goodnes are enclin'd.
For 'tis a rule; God ſends his troubles ſuch
As be his creatures able, leſſe or much.
Atlas alone hath chargd the heauens to bear,
Rich Carbuncles in golde men onely weare,
And vertues vnto women proper are.
Are you affected vnto pietye,

Deuouter godlineſſe or charitye?
Example take the Virgin bleſs'd Mary,
Whoſe wombe conceiu'd our healthfull miſtery.
Here might I ſay women did honour more,
Chriſt lowe abaſ'd, in all appearance poore,
Then his Diſciples or Apoſtles durſt,
'Tis manly wiſdome ſtill to feare the wurſt.
And here to tell, the labour were not ſpilt
How many Schooles and Hoſpitalles are built
By womens wondrous liberalitie,
The true perfect patternes of high bountie.
Als' might I well from Pagan writers ſhewe
Who onely rules of blinded reaſon knewe
The famous zeale which they in women deem'd,
And therefore iudg'd them by their Gods eſteem'd.
Hence in large ſorte to honour them they taign'd,
Many the place of Goddeſſes had gain'd.
As Iuno, Cibell, and Minerua,

Venus,

Venus, Themis, Ceres and Diana.
Hence ſome aliue to heau'n they haue vp borne,
Whoſe bleſſed mindes this earthly mudde did ſcorne.
Hence all the vertues female haue they nam'd,
As, Peace, and Iuſtice, Truth, with Faith vnblam'd,
And honeſtye which neuer makes aſham'd
But I an hundreth other poynts doe ſee
That in my iudgement tarre more needfull bee.
And now me thinks my ſelfe am like vnto
Some one who doth into a Garden goe,
Of greene hearbes a Poſie for to gather,
Yet there knowes not which to take moſt rather.
So I the beſt thinges ſtriue for to propound,
Yet which are they my wiſdome cannot ſound:
Wherefore me pardon deere Mineruaes brood,
If that my choyſe or order be not good:
Of womens loue to men firſt will I tell
Reaſons apparent why to prize them well.

For by theſe two Gods lawe is full defin'd,
Loue vnto him and vnto humane kind.
And of this loue our Countrye claimes chiefe part,
The next our Parents looke for in our hart.
Yoke-mates and Children doe a third require,
The fourth our neighbours at our hands deſire.
Now in all ſortes women more loyall are
Then any men. Long circumſtance I ſpare:
Eke many Hiſtories I will omitte,
Which to declare this argument are fitte.
To ayde her Countrye, faire *Macaria*
Her life did ſpend: alſo *Protogena*,
Pandora, *Pierria* and *Theopa*,
Paſithea with braue hair'd *Eubula*
Did leſſe reſpect their owne proſpertie,
Then their deere Countries ſweet felicitie.
The beautifull Dame *Cratiſiclea*,
(King *Cleomines* mother of *Sparta*

Her

Her ſelfe an hoſtage dared to preſent,
And vndergoe a willing baniſhment
From ſeruitude her Citie for to ſaue.
Such actes as theſe, ſome loftye ſtraines do craue.
Where were the men which voluntary dy'd
When theſe occurrents fearfull did betide?
Where were become their big Thraſonicke wordes,
Their gliſtring armours, and their thrilling ſwordes?
'Tis true I ſee, as I haue ſeene moſt ofte:
The hart's moſt hardy dwell with tongues moſt ſofte.
Solynus ſaith, there was a Roman wife
Who with her dugges preſeru'd her mothers life,
Into the priſon hauing leaue to enter,
Dayly to viewe her poore ſtaruing mother.
So *Nicon* olde *Xantippe* nouriſhed
Her Father, whome the Iaylor famiſhed.
Shewe me more loue, ſhewe me more conſtantnes
In any men: ſhewe me more faithfulnes.

I ſilently paſſe by *Hypſipile*,
With hundreths more like young *Amigena*,
That haue exceſ'd in truſty loyaltye,
The very band of all ſocietye.
Chelonis is by *Plutarch* honoured,
For perfect freindſhip to her ſpouſall bed.
Who more eſteem'd her husband then a Crowne,
Wa'ſt euer ſeene mens pride did ſo come downe?
The Spartane Dames their *Thoſeans* did conſerue,
And from deaths preſent daunger them preſerue:
Changing their garments with them ſecretly,
And ſo reſtoring them to liberty,
Remain'd themſelues ſell, feirce rage to endure,
(For nothing elſe to looke for were they ſure)
Alceſtis did to ſaue her husband dye,
Admetus King of wealthy Theſſaly,
Canna no longer cared for liues breath
Then that ſhe might reuenge Sinatus death.

Saxo

Saxo the Dane, Gunilda doth extoll,
Porcia the Romane, Liuy doth enroll,
Pliny doth praiſe the fickely fiſhers wife,
Who for to eaſe his paines deſpiſde her life.
So Alexander *ab Alexandro*,
And Aelian, commend full many moe,
Which for to worke their husbands eaſe and ioy,
Their owne griefe nought regarded, or annoy.
But vnderſtand, it is not mine account
The Sunnes bright beames in number iuſt to count.
Likewiſe a Fountaine that is neuer drye,
Doth need many buckets it to emptye.
Further how Children deerly they affect,
Or elſe their neighbours friendly doe reſpect;
For me to ſhewe were meere ſimplicitie,
Sith all confeſſe thereof the veritie.
To proue that fire hath heat, or water colde,
Is in no dout or danger to be bolde.

Wherfore

Wherefore Ile turne me to another theame,
Long while enough I sowed haue this seame.
In Prudence, Iustice, Liberalitye
(Whereof Kings boast) and Magnanimitye:
Hereby some short examples ile declare
That in no poynt women ought wanting are.
Those that can gouerne well, no vertues want,
But of braue Queenes the number is not scant
That in times past with glory and renowne,
Many a Kingdome ruled haue and towne,
The warlike Almaignes this doe testifie,
So doth the Carthaginian Historie.
The Blacke Moores brag of hardie *Meroe*,
The Bohemians of their *Valasque*,
Large Siria commends *Zenobia*,
The grim sterne Goths their *Amalasuntha*.
Sage *Theodora* did the Empire sway,
And men vnworthy, thence did chace away.

Semiramis

Semiramis drye Egipt did poſſeſſe,
Whome Nilus ouer-flowings ſtill doe bleſſe.
And doth not England ſing Eliza's prayſe,
Who farre excelled all before her dayes?
Was neuer Prince which ruled with more peace,
Or did more gently ſubjects paines releaſe,
And terrors vnto proud high mindes encreaſe.
Out Zoylus and all thy helliſh traine,
'Tis not foule ſpight that can pure vertue ſtaine.
Whiles Sunne and Moone their courſes keep in vre,
Womens heroicke prayſes ſhall endure:
Well haue their woorthy ſp'rits this merited,
In whome all fine inuentions firſt were bred.
The ſeauen Artes that men call liberall,
Were by the Siſters nine firſt found out all.
Geſture ſeemely and demeanours comely,
We attribute to the Graces onely.
Cumea wrote the Romane policye.

Sapho neuer like for Poeſie.
In Rome a Statue dedicated was
To Gracchus miſtreſſe that wel ſpeaking Laſſe.
Pithagoras learned of Theocia,
Wiſe Socrates of faire Diotima,
Plato none iudged like Archenaſſa.
With thouſands more, which men themſelues do note
And I it needleſſe iudge them all to quote,
Whoſe famous ſcience was by men admir'd,
As if that God their knowledge had inſpir'd.
Yea at this day how many may we ſee,
That heere in England now ſtill liuing bee,
Whoſe pennes and tongues (when as it is their will)
Farre doe excell each other humane skill?
I ſilently of purpoſe paſſe their names,
Sith nought my ſpeech can adde vnto their fames.
Ah but men blame all womens ſecrecye,
Their fearfull mindes, changing and cowardly,

'Tis

'Tis true that malice neuer wants a marke,
And huge great fires arise oft from a sparke.
For if by reason we this matter trye,
We nothing finde therein saue forgerye;
Not that I meane all women to excuse,
Al's for some fewe I would not all abuse.
We say in sinne he sildome ought to moue,
Who fitly can another well reproue.
What thing more common then disloyaltie
'Mong greatest friends professing amitie?
Ours is the golden worlde: the loue of golde
Is more this day then it hath beene of olde.
A somme of Coyne buyes honours, loue and freinds,
Men are no longer wolues to men, but fiends.
That which you tell to him is to a stone,
Yet all he babbles so soone as you are gone.
But in times past, that hardy female band,
Which in one night, of Danes did free our land;

She who from kinde Piſiſtratus conceald,
That which her torments might haue well reueald,
The banquet Cryaſſau, and Brutus wife,
Shew in what ſilence they can ſpend their life,
As for to fall together by the eares, (ſpeares
With Gunnes, and Swordes, with Halberds or with
For ſome ſmall toyes not worth the ſpeaking off,
A ieaſt in mirth, or merrie nipping ſcoff,
It is not womens cuſtome I profeſſe,
Ill ſhould I doe a truth not to confeſſe,
Tis true they judge the fight of armes is leaſt,
Man by his reaſon differs from a beaſt;
Likewiſe Sage nature hath not wrought ſo ſtrong,
Their Corpes, nor armes, ne yet their legges ſo long,
As mens ſhe hath: but framed them moſte fit,
To entertaine each combatte with their witte,
And mids' a thouſand merrie pretty ſweetes,
Repell an onſet twixt a paire of ſheetes,

Their

Their handes are made for muſicke inſtruments,
Not for to brandiſh warlike complements,
Further I deeme ſuch hommaſſe fortitude,
In woman kinde ſmall vertue doth include,
Better doth Venus kerchiefe to them fit,
Or Iunoes ſtate, with wiſe Minerues witte,
Then brutiſh, rude, and cruell killing armes,
Of bloudy Mars, from whom comes naught but harmes
And truth to ſay, without all ſpight or hate,
Thoſe manniſh queans are moſte degenerate:
Yet if ſome others aske for hardineſſe,
With ſtout courage, and vndaunted bouldneſſe,
Well can I ſhew, ſo as each one will graunt
Women at neede can be full valiaunt.
Call me to minde braue laſſes of old daies,
Who gained pryſes in Olimpicque plaies,
Remember we their greene banke Tritonida,
For fencing, for ryding Themerinda,

Where alſo 'twas their ordinary guiſe,
To wraſtle, runne, and leape for exerciſe.
Forget not we how Archidamia
With her great crue, beat Pyrrhus from Sparta.
Nor yet the fame of one-dugd Amazons,
Who in large compaſſe planted their Cantons.
Who hath not heard of Iewiſh Deborah?
Iudith, and Iael that ſlewe Siſara?
I bluſh to name the maid of Orleance
(Ah ſhame) which dreſt our armyes out of France.
The ſixt King Henryes daughter of our land,
Preſerv'd her father from a murth'ring hand.
But what meane I to ſayle thus farre from ſhore?
Stormes oft ariſe, which none did doubt before.
If that a thouſand tongues poſſeſſe I might,
And eke ten thouſand hands well skild to write,
A breſt of ſtrong braſſe with ſome Steutors voyce,
Yet would I rather if I had my choyce,

The

The Starres and ſandes to number vndertake;
Then of all women true rehearſall make,
Which for admired vertues merrit praiſe,
A ſubiect large to taske an hundreth daies.
Better I think it heere to ſtay the courſe
Of my weake pen, vntyr'd in this diſcourſe,
Mens hardines I pleaſed am to ſee,
Their knowledge, ſtrength, and wiſdome liketh mee,
Their maſſye corps I meane not to diſpraiſe,
Nor ought beſides wherence prayſes ſuch they raiſe.
Yet when they needes compariſons will make,
And womens glories violently take.
I ſay that valour with magnificence,
honoured vertue and all excellence,
In that ſweet kinde doe principally ſhine,
Cauſing it ſeeme to be the moſt diuine.
Therefore wiſe men that chooſe in verite
Wiues, *amare, nauc, ore, et re*

Ought them as equals in each point t' eſteeme,
And but for order them inferiours deeme,
Wherefore fine Ladies, graue Matrons, Dameſels,
Let your pure mindes withſtand al wicked ipels,
Yeelde you your ſelues to ordinance deuine,
That your high worth may ſtill more brightly ſhine,
And thou Dame-Fortune neuer doe them bleſſe,
Which by iniuſtice doe thy ſexe oppreſſe.

FINIS.